

THE ORIGIN OF THE TV SHOW "MY NAME IS EARL"

The movie idea outlined in the following fax (see below) is clearly and without a doubt the point of origin of the NBC TV show "My Name Is Earl" (starring Jason Lee). This becomes the obvious conclusion to anyone in possession of the facts - not merely because of the undeniable, powerful similarity between the two, but just as importantly, for the following powerful Jason Lee-related reasons:

(1) After I created it, my movie idea contained in this fax was initially sent, in 2002, to only two people - one of whom was Sean Daniel (and the following year I sent it to only one or two others). Mr. Daniel was the producer, in 1995, of Jason Lee's first big movie, "Mallrats". Mr. Daniel exists not only as the major catalyst in the acting career of Jason "Earl" Lee - Sean Daniel was the first person from whom I learned (back in 1970) of the college I would later attend (1973), CalArts;

(2) Sean Daniel, who has a history (to which I had already made frequent reference prior to '95) of secretly referencing my material in the movies he produces, produced this very same movie "Mallrats" two years after I had made a video with the most very similar title of "Mall Man" (1993). It is not easy to find a movie with a title more similar to "Mall Man" than "Mallrats". Because I am not only the auteur of "Mall Man" but the star as well, this video evidences the approximate year it was made to anyone comparing how I looked then with how I look now (my website features more recent photos of me, for example, as well as a link to where the 1993 "Mall Man" video can be viewed).

So let the fax begin - the actual fax that led to "My Name Is Earl":

TO: Mr. Sean Daniel, Alphaville

FROM: Jonathan D. Steinhoff, Burbank

DATE: March 16, 2002

SUBJECT: THREE NEWSWORTHY ITEMS

The new JONATHAN DAVID STEINHOFF music CD (no label), "THE GRAVITY", released February 2002, is now available at Poobah's in Pasadena and Morninglory Music in Santa Barbara.

It seems obvious that Jon Stewart, host of this year's Grammy Awards, made reference to the new Steinhoff cd in his opening monologue when he hosted SNL last Saturday. The last song on the Steinhoff cd, "Whose Dime", features applause following the line, "I own a great big house" (in the middle of the song), and in Stewart's monologue he says, "You're applauding because I have an apartment?" This is consistent with the kind of attention Steinhoff's work has received, and the kind of attention SNL has given Steinhoff.

The following "The Fun Guy" movie idea has been taken as far as Steinhoff can take it at this time, without a retainer or something like that.

The Fun Guy

SCENE 1:

Harry and Cindy, on a date, are riding an elevator to Cindy's apartment. As they talk/smile/laugh, there are brief flashes when they suddenly morph into chipmunks, and the environment morphs into a forest (the forest morphs occur at slightly different moments than when the chipmunk morphs occur). Harry seems to vaguely detect these brief morphs, but Cindy is oblivious. When they get inside Cindy's apartment, Cindy tells Harry to make himself at home while she goes to the kitchen to make coffee. Harry wanders around the living room. He takes an interest in a small statue on a shelf, and stealthily slips it into his pocket. The apartment suddenly morphs into the forest, this time for an extended moment. Harry morphs into a chipmunk, and looks around nervously. When he returns to being a person in the apartment he quickly returns the small statue to the shelf. Cindy calls to him from the kitchen, "Can I get you anything besides coffee? Juice or something?" Harry, nervously adjusting the position of the statue so that it is precisely

where it was, calls back, while looking upward, "I'm good! I swear it!" Cindy laughs and says, "Okay, you're good." Harry sits down on a couch. Suddenly he is sitting in an office of people walking by hurriedly, entering and emerging from various cubicles. Harry, instead of the turtleneck he had been wearing, is now wearing a suit jacket, button shirt and tie, although his pants are the same. Harry says in a low voice, "What is this? I put back the statue, I put it back Where am I? What's going on here? THIS IS HELL!!!" People then smile at him, while continuing to go about their business.

Ralph, a man in a business suit, comes up to Harry. Ralph smiles and shakes Harry's hand. Harry says (accusatorily), "I'm dead and you're the devil!!!" Harry reconsiders a moment and adds (unassumingly), "Right?" Ralph says, "No, Harry! Harry! Great to see you again!" Harry says, "Excuse me? I don't believe we've met?" "You're right, we haven't met in this life. Not yet. That's in... five years or so. But can you come with me for a moment?" Harry says in a low, confidential tone, "I have to tell you, I'm not really sure what's going on here." Ralph laughs and says, "Of course not! No, I know that Harry. Just come with me a second! Gee, it is great to see you again!" Harry says, "Uh, yeah...." They proceed to Ralph's office. Indicating a chair, Ralph says, "Have a seat. Comfortable? Good. Now let me show you something." Ralph shows a slide of a graph on the wall. The trend is upward. "Now Harry, look at this graph." "Very good. It looks like... things are going well. Business is good. The arrow is going up and everything. How did you make me suddenly appear here? I was sitting in a..." "Let me tell you what this graph represents. It shows the ascension of Cindy from one incarnation to the next." Harry says, "So you know Cindy too! And she's ascending in her incarnations. Well all I know is, she and I are on a date, in fact, she's making coffee for me right now. I'm thinking that perhaps I should be getting back, it's probably ready. If I'm not dead, that is." Ralph continues, "You see, Harry, Cindy has this.... Really good karma...." Harry says, "I'll say!" "No, Harry, what I mean is, karma, she goes from one incarnation to the next, moving up each time. Her karma just gets better and better. And here, look." Ralph changes slides to another upward graph. "This graph shows the lives of those Cindy comes into contact with. See? They're moving

up also." Harry says, "I know just what you mean! In fact, if you could somehow get me back there right away, that's exactly what I expect will happen to me." Ralph shakes his head. "No Harry." Ralph changes slides to a downward graph. "This next chart is about you. It shows your progressive incarnations. See? Your karma keeps bringing you lower from one incarnation to the next. In fact, you wouldn't even have ascended to becoming a human being in this life, if not for the fact that you're close to Cindy, and others like her." Harry says, "Okay, actually, this is our first date. That's why I should really be there when she gets back with the coffee. You know, I mean what kind of impression would that make for me to not be there, at a time like this, you know, when she's bringing me coffee in her living room on our first date?" "Oh, this isn't the first time you and Cindy have been out together. You've known her for thousands of years. The three of us met a long time ago, when this big boulder was, and the three of us were – well, anyway, the point is... Harry: there is this parting of the ways thing I need to talk to you about." "If she doesn't want to go on any more dates with me, I think she can tell me so herself." "No Harry, that's not it. We want you to continue with us." "With all due respect, I wasn't including you." "You're not following me. You have bad karma, Harry! Look at this next slide. There, now this represents most of those who've crossed your path. Starting with you, their karma generally goes bad." Harry stands up and moves towards the door. "I didn't come here to be insulted! In fact, I didn't even come here! It's you! You're – you're the one with the bad karma! You're the one whose.... making me feel bad, telling me Cindy doesn't want to go out with me anymore, and saying I have bad karma, and showing me all these slides!" "Harry, I brought you here because you're my friend! I want to help you! You're my very old friend!" Harry sits down again, muttering, "I'm sure the coffee's done. I would never do something like this on a first date, disappearing like this." Ralph says, "I'm going to put this in simple terms. If you want to come along with us, in the incarnation after this one that is, and so on, you have to have good karma. And whether you know it or not, you want to come along with us. So, I've made up a list for you. It describes things for you to do, names of people, how they can be located. They're people we've been running into over and over again since – before we were people. According to my computer, if you do these things

you'll fix your karma. Okay, here's an example. Sam Wilson. He currently lives in Toledo, Ohio. You have to give him a cheeseburger, to set your karma right." "A cheeseburger?" "Right. I, can't say exactly why. Let me look this one up on my computer. Here. Once when you two were rabbits, it seems that you ate his carrot. It changed him forever." "So, then I owe him a carrot." "No, Sam doesn't like carrots anymore. He's a person now." "I'm a person and I like carrots." "Harry, the point is, you have to set things right, if you want to move on. If you want to move up. I've printed out this whole list for you. Just do everything on the list. I know you Harry, and I don't think you'll find it that difficult. It shouldn't take more than, more than one lifetime." "A lifetime? Tell me one thing. How is it that you know all about all of this, and I don't know anything about any of this?" "Well, now you do, know some of it. It's because while you've been descending, some of us have been ascending." "So then Cindy's in on this too?" "No, she's not there yet. Almost there, but not quite." "So she'll be in on it all in a couple of, days? Weeks?" Ralph laughs. "No, in about three hundred years. If she's good. I'm only telling you because, otherwise, well, it's pretty bad. Okay Harry, now put this list in your pocket. No, not your jacket pocket, your pants pocket. By the way, it is very bad karma to tell anybody about this stuff, okay?" "This list is over ten pages, on both sides of the page! It'll take more than a lifetime to do all of these things! Hey, some of this involves things other people have to do for me – how is that supposed to work?" "Don't worry, you'll figure out a way to make it all work, I know you! Remember that time - oh right, you wouldn't remember. So! Are you ready?" "You're sending me back to Cindy's apartment?" "Right. But check the list the instant you get back, before you even do one thing to, uh, with Cindy." "But how will I explain where I've been for the past few.... minutes?" As Harry speaks the office morphs into Cindy's living room and Harry is back in his turtleneck, continuing to wear the same pants as he has been wearing throughout.

Cindy is trying to get Harry to drink a glass of water. "Oh, there you are, Cindy! Water? I thought we were having coffee! Is it, is it done yet? It must be done by now, unless, maybe, maybe time itself, just stood completely...." "Harry! You're okay! You were jabbering, not like a person even, it was like a, like a chipmunk!"

"I'm okay now." "Are you sure? Has this ever happened to you before?" "Actually, I think so. For thousands of years in fact! At least that's what-" Harry is suddenly back in the office. Ralph is pointing his finger at Harry and shouts, "Remember! It's bad karma to tell anybody about any of this!" The office morphs back into Cindy's living room. "I, I read somewhere that it's called, chipmunk-talk. It happens whenever I'm too dehydrated. It's really good that you brought me that glass of water. This is so terrific of you! You are so wonderful!" Harry takes the water, smiling and nodding at Cindy. He has a drink of water, then smiles and nods again, not unlike someone being overly effusive in their approval of a five-year old's drawing. "I hope it didn't bring you down, when I was doing that, chipmunk-talk stuff. It had absolutely nothing to do with you. It was not your fault, in any way. Will you excuse me a moment?" Harry goes into the bathroom, finds the list in his pocket, and frantically scans through it. His expression shows his reaction to how do-able each thing seems to be, ranging from "No problem" to "How am I supposed to-?" He stops scanning when he comes to Cindy's name. His expression turns sour. He returns the list to his pocket and goes back to the living room.

Cindy says, "Are you sure you're okay?" Harry speaks as if he is reading from a piece of paper. "Yes. However, I think that we should call it a night. And ask you out on another date. But for now I think we should call it a night." "Oh. Did you say, 'And ask me out on another date?'" "Right. That's what I think." "Well, sure. I'm sorry you aren't feeling well." "I think we should call it a night." "When do you, think we should go out again?" "Friday night at eight o'clock, we'll see another movie." "Good. Do we.... know which movie?" "A good movie. We'll see a good movie. Goodbye!" Cindy seems perplexed, then calls after him, "Goodbye!"

SCENE 2:

As Harry is riding the same elevator as before, going down this time, he takes the list out and checks it again. "I'll start with something easy." The elevator dissolves to an airplane. Harry rents a car at an airline terminal, is then driving down a main thoroughfare, goes to a drive-through fast-food restaurant, and

orders a cheeseburger. He's asked if he wants fries and a soda with that. "No thanks. Uh, yeah, fries, no, no fries, but a soda, no, just the cheeseburger without anything else, wait a minute, everything, the cheeseburger, fries, a soda, no, let me think." Harry is then riding in the elevator of an office building. He checks his jacket pocket, and sure enough there is a cheeseburger in it. He steps out into a reception area, and asks if he can speak to Sam Wilson. The receptionist asks if he has an appointment, Harry says no, and is told that he will have to make an appointment. Harry barges into an office that says "Sam Wilson" on the outside. Three people are in the office having a conversation, which is interrupted when Harry enters. "I'm sorry to interrupt, but, um, uh, never mind." Harry, exceedingly embarrassed, walks briskly to the elevator and returns to the car, which is parked in front of the office building. He sits in the car watching the office building entrance. After a certain amount of time goes by, Sam Wilson exits the building. Harry steps out of the car and walks alongside of him. Sam becomes extremely nervous, recognizing Harry from before. While continuing to walk, Sam says, "Can I help you?" "Yes, I've, come here to give you a cheeseburger." "Excuse me?" "A cheeseburger." "I'm sorry, I'm not interested in, in buying a cheeseburger from you." "No, you can have it, free." "No thank you." Harry stops, not knowing what to do next. Suddenly he runs to catch up with Sam, walking behind him. "Okay, now listen. I've got a gun in my pocket, but if you do what I tell you you won't get hurt." Sam turns around and sees that Harry has his hand in his pocket as if there might be a gun there. "I, I, yes, whatever you say." "Now listen. I'm going to give you a cheeseburger. You're going to take it. What you do with it is up to you." "Yes, certainly." "Now stop walking, but act like everything's okay." They stop walking. "Turn around and take the cheeseburger already!" "I'm sorry! Don't shoot!" Harry hands Sam the cheeseburger. "There's nothing wrong with this cheeseburger, you know." "Thank you." Harry smiles and says, "Now calm down. You're acting like, like a scared little bunny rabbit." Harry goes back to his car and takes out the list again, making a checkmark. "Let's see. Whose next...."